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ON

LOCHIEL's BIRTH-DAY,

1796.

By the Revd. William Cameron, Minister of Kirknewton, in Mid Lothian.

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LOCHIEL's BIRTH-DAY, 1796.

I.

Auspicious rise thy natal morn,
Young Chieftain of a warlike race;
The Champion's palm t' inherit born,
Alike the Camp and Court to grace.
May bright hereditary zeal,
That oft thy Fathers wont to feel,
Thy youthful breast inflame,
With them on Honour's height to shine,
Adorn their old illustrious line,
And match their ancient fame.

II.

Not decked in Foppery's trifling vain,
Thy gallant Ancestors were seen;
Begirt with steel they shook the plain,
With martial gait and martial mien.
Foremost they rul'd the waves of war,
Thro' hostile legions hurl'd the car,
Their country's bulwark stile;
With loyal spirit fleets prepar'd,
The Seventh Crown and Laws to guard,
Against invading foes.

III.

The village joy and valiant train,
With filial love their Chief ador'd,
And knew, thro' all his wide domain,
A Friend and Father in their Lord.

With heart and hand they flew to obey
His kindly, patriarchal ſway,
Their patronage and pride,
That rais'd meek Worth with gentle hand,
Repreſs'd Sedition's ruffian-band,
Who laws and right deride.

IV.

Lo! ſome their proper pride deſpiſe,
Ignoble heirs of noble line,
To glitter gay in borrow'd dies,
The minions of a court to ſhine:
Or, traitors to their ſacred truſt,
Rudely they trample in the duſt
The enſigns of their name;
Sunk with th' unletter'd, booriſh kind,
Of menial habit, menial mind,
Companions of their ſhame.

V.

Remote, in Diſſipation's ſty,
They ſcorn the tenants of the vale,
In ſloth and ignorance who lie,
Now left their wretchedneſs to wail.
Of wrong and inſult theſe complain,
From far they helpleſs cry in vain,
For arbitrating power.
Wild Faction, Anarchy, Debate,
Fearleſs ariſe, embroil the State,
From hall to hamlet-bower.

VI.

Equality exults to view,
Stript of his badge the Baron bold,
Now levelled with her levelling crew,
With clubbing cit and clown enroll'd.

Fierce demagogues the roſtrum rear,
Her cockney-ſtateſman, jockey-peer;
The rabble roar applauſe.
Licentiouſneſs unbridled raves,
Swill'd Inſolence contemptuous braves
Thron'd Majeſty and Laws.

VII.

From thee, ſuch doom may Heaven remove,
Fair Child of Hope! may SCOTIA raiſe
Renown'd thy loyalty and love,
To ſwell her Bards recording lays.
May Prudence ſage inſtruct thy youth
To venerate the voice of Truth,
And Pleaſure's bane to fly;
Who ſmiles, to wound with ſcorpion-ſting,
Who bites the faireſt buds of ſpring,
Which timeleſs droop and die.

VIII.

Full many, nurs'd in Fortune's beam,
By her ſeduced in early age,
Are hurried down her turbid ſtream,
Impell'd by Paſſion's madding rage.
Their bark new-launched they give to ride
All gaudy, o'er the treacherous tide;—
Ah! ſee, to gorge the deep!
See, quench'd ere noon the gleams of morn,
See, foes malignant laugh in ſcorn,
And friends in ſilence weep!

IX.

O! C*****N, may the tribes unborn,
Grateful enjoy thy guardian zeal;
While Plenty pours her cheering horn
Around the woodlands of L*****L:

While o'er the mountains and the iſles,
With Art and Induſtry ſhe ſmiles,
The days of Peace to bleſs:
Then, may thy hand protect the plain,
Subordination's rights maintain,
Oppreſſion's wrongs repreſs.

X.

May white-plum'd Honour ſtill ſuſtain
Thy native rank above the croud;
Untarniſh'd by the blots that ſtain
The vulgar mean and vulgar proud.
From either IND bright laurels blow,
To ſhed freſh luſtre o'er thy brow;—
O! may its influence warm
Thy breaſt to emulate thy Sires,
Awake the Patriot's purer fires,
And brace the Hero's arm.

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